Leaving Myself Alone

WULFINNA

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Then build, ye fools, your mighty things,
  That Time shall set at naught;
Grow warm with the song the sweet Lie sings,
  And the false bow your tears have wrought.

For us, a truce to Gods, loves, and hopes,
  And a pledge to fire and wave;
A swifter whirl to the dance of death,
  And a loud huzza for the Grave!

— Voltairine de Cleyre, The Toast of Despair

I am, O

how

I am

a moment

flashing

in the pan,

jumping

my element

onto a handler,

proving his grip

dead wrong.

Just now,

I danced

the last motion

of a “good”

girl. That

was to stay

still.

Now comes

the wolf

skull

peering

deep

in sadness

and hell.

Now water

meets fire

meets rock

meets dirt

meets me.

I am, yes

indeed

I am

this next

moment

hexed

by the last;

a burned

hand holding

me

has flung

me.

And on

and on,

over

and

over,

flashing, flung,

exalted —

a grip

holds me

and

persists

in breaking;

humming

terror

of wolf's

element

flashes.

A grip

on me,

from me

and

of

me.

—

Along dubious steps
in parades of earnest souls,

floods of passive dread joined
in one awful deluge
are less than the matter always found:

the vast incomparable best left
not known. That being vexed

is the itch to awaken,
grow keen at feeling out life —

feeling out the surface hell sculpted
atop the real potential of things —

before it's all out like a light bulb
or the last line of a proud admission.

—

Hypocrisy and decay
perfume young impressions,
perhaps more enlightening than ideas.
What will they say

that I haven't guessed at when mingling
in that same secluded inner forest?
What will they do

that the leagues of martyrs
could not sustain as a given?
They, though not my kin,

are extensions
of that unified gravitation
to see clear, hold tight,

do with like intent.

And those gripping reigns have failed,
or intended something else altogether.

Whatever is to come
from husks of nauseated young hope

must burst the capture of age, of era,
assuming the intellect, the creativity

to flesh life beyond the logic of walls.

—

I rest here
in the space
of page white
in the “a”
between “sp”
and “ce.”
That is enough
for my want;
that is enough
for my everything.
You may reach
to give gifts,
you may arm
to keep love —
to do harm.
You will know
by aging degrees
what it is
to set aside
rushes at harmony,
being only you
and you alone.

—

I

Like being born
is its own triumph,
ending at its beginning.

Like standing upright
bears the weight alone
while tired knees falter.

One finds a working implement
in the course of new and done days:

old early footsteps
become gallops of fright
and bliss;

the new and the done, tempered;

rites of passage called memory,
sharp edges' recall of detail.

A head is to a torso
as a melody is to a moment:
the rod bears its nicked spearhead

propped in crossed arms
beside the wide familial fire.

Blood black outlines rose red
on the nouveau postcard
from alternative successes dreamed of.

The whirlwinds
of subconscious premeditation

voiced in the sleeping soliloquy
that hand themselves

to the picking something up
and having it stay with you . . .

the winds, the winds.

Let them through.

Morning now. Another being born.
Another little triumph

in the wide, close-eyed surrender
to what will be as it will be

when it will be,

calling it "agency."

II

Standing from rest,
lying from battle.
Both are what it is

to come to life. But the hard,
dry membrane between

the hidden room of the mind
and the physical translation
of the hands

keeps its reminders facing inward
like mementos perched
to be turned away from:

the nightstand stared at
before leaving the bedside.

Exertion mends no jagged line,
conspires another moment —

sitting at the far side of later
just before the coveted exit

— for when one feels stupidest
for exiting bed ever at all.

But it's okay. One doesn't go
and brew coffee to proactively fix

the same problems waiting every
day. Take it in, hot or cold, lukewarm,

discard in rising and setting vessels
before the last sweep of the table

clears what left the hands may do.

III

Islet on the lake. My hideaway
becomes an addition to its bed.

Sooner than not, I am drowned
and dragged off the banks.
Already I know who I am.
The afterbirth of new depths.

Caught on that border
between a new and senior soul,

the horror show of development,
the maturing rhythm

of tempering eagerness with ease —

ease assumed from distance
put between task and finishing ripple,
new measurements of "use."

What "uses" to the world
are not brutalities to self?

Then the question sat upon
at the dawn-kissed bank, cold sand
filling the hourglass

designating time spent ruminating;

now creative, irresponsible flinches
become the handiwork of echoing sages.

Maybe my place will ascend
when the stags fashion instruments

of slain challengers' antlers
and the doe circle with intent.

Only then might I start to hide again —
because I'm not an element of being seen,

but being heard
from out of any given distance.

IV

At the darkening afternoon
on snowy mountainside slopes,

I bear witness to an audience
of creatures nestled in their stasis
on the teetering twelve-hour axis . . .

teeming stragglers of the late season
jump from branch to branch.

It is at the rocky lectern
that our hymn is spoken plain.

No less than four awe-striking lines
working through no ostentation —
holding no office, no metal contrivance —

thunder as their clear whisper
in each subtle turn of form.

Spoken plain, the hymn reaches
as pins dropping through snowy blankets
that seal the Spring grass. A heart,

feeling, living a calm moment
can therefore play its part, effortlessly,

like bands of string players
joining with bright febrile tones.

It is the virulent orchestra of life
that composes, sings our hymn

hovering above our sauntering plea.

—

In praise of futility, I tread
where earnest hands made
the purpose of outlasting this all . . .

this rotten swathe of faces, voices
contorting in disgust, condemning
with christian half-truths.

Stay my feet, grounded on this hallowed soil;
stay my wrist, agitated and free,
that strains to write the verse of circles' ends.

What quivering besets the compass,
besets the living rhythms?

How has the placid intent,
still not enough
to reveal the injury,

been only the proof of our folly?

Stay. I clear the so much away. There —
I hear the distinct murmur . . .

something real and intelligible

includes us all.

—

Enduring catechisms of the resigned —
or tougher still, the half-resigned —

humanity pines for some stoic, poised vessel
with an empty and outpouring head at once;
pines for more than a point for things to pivot.

More, so much more, than a dried grain
of sulking memory,

or the weight of knowing what was essential,
lost in the nonsensical demands of capital.

(For our own sorry sake, let's dig
ourselves up from that heap,
clinging to the sky!

Not politics, no. Something aimed at it
altogether — all at once, forever!)

More than this . . . the Afterward, not the Now,
of ruminating: the fixed, the finished

that hopes to be the Now, so drills itself
as the ever-floating Present of thought.

And fury is an effortless commons:

the abolition of the precise color of form;
the forward-march against high towers
of cruelty, of blind, brutal creed;
the sullied use for tools to feed
in abdomens of the wastes of horrid weapons.

In resignation sweet, although grotesque
to the human eyes of my soul in terror,

how I lurch for the not-holding, the loose,
disregarding the obvious, the bound.
How serenity in all humors finds me

in the secret abolition of all present moments,

inspiring only the incense-lined path out.
How depths of shallowness will highlight
renewing depths so feared, exhorted against,

now disclosed in touch: the fabric of being free!

—

As though I knew how to spell this out
before it reached the faults of my mind.
The way a mind halts to feel . . .

how foremothers only want
their descendants to know peace;
how forefathers only really strained
to amass fruits for their children.

Circumstance is to be moved by people,
not people moved by circumstance,

but how the usual, thorny webs
entrap with sedating venom.

As though the concept never lingered
until its nutrients were burned for offering.
And scent unlocks things,

dissolves security like a picked lock,
drops the useless steel with a clang,
leaves everything open to reading.

The parts unread whisper

in second-nature footsteps,
in subconscious proving of the rebuked.
All completes itself and washes hands

of what only we on the mortal coil
can affect, can dissolve, can renew.

—

Conserve only your sensitive candor —
old norms will make your heart raw
though woefully attuned

to the merciless belligerence riding downhill,
to the tired acceptance of routine beatings.
In degrees of conquest, it had formed itself

as the harshest plague between loved ones.

Even or especially in the midst
of bustling containers of choked life,

one is prone to looking aside, considering;

consider in a soft fashion,
consider your — or those — loving matrons

who welcomed all holding a smile
or a sweet face. As arms

extended to kin, arms extended to you.

To "conserve" is no tradition:
truly I say it is an old way
to step firm with delight,

to step discerning and light
through the echo reaching out:

through the echo of young lives
correcting what old age mistook.

New confirmations within
enclose new notices therefrom;

conserve the rich, the bright:
not mistakes made legacies,
made the comfort of small tyrants.

The hand that reaches to love
feeds the fight to make love the way.

—

Want without firmness of gain.

There, in relation to its pulsing empty,
one only stares off into the wall
waiting for something to be called . . .

for a rapture, a cherished glimmer . . .

or to simply cease. Not suicide but agitation
that continues begetting itself through lives,

sees itself begotten in mental structures,
commits itself to Enlightenment texts

as innate, pure and perfect
as anything witnessed in Nature.

Left there, forever pining, lacking,
forever playing flower girl with potential —
never assuming, doing, succeeding —
"potential" shrivels into a lesser imperial ruin
or a more forward dirge for the age of ages.

Want abstaining from imminent grasp . . .
all to say that it was "noble."

Want chewing the host alive.

—

I

I found myself somewhere elevated
where distance altogether is an image.

Wide eyes, allegory in the beech leaves
concerned with all I do
for my own good reasons;

inner friction unlike parlor varieties:
all too touching, all too corroborative

of the simple motions occurring forthright.
And for reasons, good, ill, neutral, otherwise —
there is a whispered language to opine.

Me? I enjoy the view, deciding on descent
when the thin air overwhelms me,

when I no longer find myself
in fragrant amnesia of iron mementos.

II

The prefabricated map of a soul:
the bridge, the wide river, the gateways
of trees common to the formative setting.

What cornerstones unblemished,
what matters of fact sturdy as mountains.

We are not a protracted question,
but an unanswerable answered in millionths
of particulate certainties . . .

something restored in death
like the sole sobering picture
enlivening something in the life carrying on.

III

Invisible flooding swarms this room.
Window frames a blue-black landscape.

It is past the time where I hang
my evening dress on its brass hook,
donning my slip.

The brackets of nighttime moments,
stages of tiring, disquieting inner rumor

contort the flow of intents. Ever-seeking eyes
brace downward, diagonal, then up
in patterns tracing the Moon.

Not situating but finding a surface
tabling my swollen breasts

engulfs me not with arousal but ease.
Therefrom, I feel, flows the nourishment
for all whom I will not bear,

but will keep for myself. Like all gems
that find themselves in hand —

dripping down my arms and thighs —

I break their fall in a cedar box
locked with songs and ciphers.

How to some, more dunces than men,
I am imagined as a satanic Madonna
with ample curves of pale corrupted flesh,

(rows of wolf's teeth
gliding down their shriveled dicks,)

yet am sincerely absent, wandering
the infinite field made here at home . . .

glancing at what traipses afar
from this window . . .

a demon? A projection? Me?

How too much of me loves the daylight,
gave up the bitter *nachtrauch* —
laudanum of evening poets,

holding me in the embrace of a light
that held no peering gems as the night.

Silver, crystal, gold contented me then.
Now basalt, jade, jasper call to me:

a breath before linens embrace me,
a dive through veils, images
confirming prophecies of poets' tears.

The purpose of nuanced workings
concluding in a dream, a word, a deed

that knows no halting utterance.

—

Dense buttresses of vapor
produced when it's rained
come through to supplement

muses of attainment's scent.

Fixation with curve and structure
dissipates the face-to-face texture
that life's proved footing rolls out.

None are subject to mere subject,
none are bettered by handing away
their pure, challenging element.

The flow, gaseous essence
slow-treading across the hill

is evident enough to confirm
that we were always integrated

with the animals, the wind,
the distant star pointing home.

—

Thirst! As wine from a spring!
What glad relief drops bring!

An idle portent of time —
loose play with rhyme,

I take my hours with the breeze
in measures that move to please.

—

It is peace: when tools fall into place;
when medicine arrives lovingly;
when degrees of care and breathing

show change that none rebuke.
When life slows to regulate . . .
none are so proud as to deny.

It is peace: waiting on generous altars,
glowing. (Notwithstanding the cruelty
so maniacally writ as a king's decree.)

It firms itself 'round the body
in the empty moments of lonesome;
it fills a crater left from times

when time itself could not hold that fleeting,
sob-inducing recollection of the last second

gone — given to vaults of memory.

It is peace: when beside the grave
a tearful smile comes over the mournful;
when the seasons keep the books,

prescribe a set of doings
that moves the body and spirit as one
through precarious charges and blows.

It is peace: to step forward humbly,
commence words, motions practiced . . .
binding together in closing grace

the most precious constellation of dirt.

—

Raw gasp — ill intent snickering.

Eyes could not blink if they wanted.

Hands could not raise if they plead.

Just a motionless figure on a mattress.

Now everything is vibrating, drifting.

Everything is tumbling off its surface.

What in Hell is opening up? "Fury! Fury!"

Stampede of war horses, clattering pikes.

Dominant thrones in heinous repose.

Permanent morals decaying at their base.

Wholesale supplication; un-Christly golden calf.

Wholesale admissions; unwavering denial.

"Fury! Fury!" My soul is gut-shot.

Repetitions, war drums, frothing normality

marching, marching for wicked trinities.

Now we plunge straight ahead.

The righteous marred

for "righteous" sensation!

—

Starlight vexed the screaming heart
roaming grassy spaces bequeathed;
parcels inner and outer retract —
leave the heart as a husk, a corpse
or a spirit embodied bearing torch.

What is the consequence for all
that's held throats down to claim
what's only rightly claimed by all?
It is too clear, too hostile, too freeing
to be so blatantly told —

what unrest confirms through ages;
what sin, righteous treachery proves;
we cannot go on as pawns to delusion.
Through deep agony we suffer to know,
ephemeral ends we rush, free-minded.

All souls, here intact, align against
the throes and lies of All Rule —
through crises, hurricanes, voids,
(all contrivances of plastic "Life,")
the youthful heartbeat endures.

And none is surrendered in living life
as made a clear point of freeness;
martyrs, tragedies — no more, no more!

Now we intend to uproot, to deny claim
to every bastard mimicking the heartfelt!

—

You have all held hands
at marble altars of madness:
rites of petty sensation
besiege doings of actual sense;
blithe delusion commands.

Forceful wits confirm
that every soul's half-doomed.
Ink-borne insight throbs
in secret, perceptive chambers —
marble sanctuary conspires.

Sailing those seas will drown —
traversing the wastes will hollow
the core purpose of our hearts:
the gallant pursuit of clarity,
contentment, solid, informed.

What has sated wonderment —
noble not-knowing — given feeling?

It becomes the obelisk
standing, staring in the soul;

it becomes the cruel
towering over, dealing blows —

when clarity is besmirched as "agenda"
and agenda made into "clarity,"

the unasked-for coin will tumble,
turning, turning, giving breath

to each evolutionary element
against every inflicted rite.

—

It stands revealed: the inscription
reads in all tongues, new and done.
“Misery teases itself as the sole clarity
while bliss veils with regression.
But there is bliss that tastes like misery,
retaining all its clarity and more;
it awaits on the edge of duped hope,
enters the blood with quiet unraveling.”
Page turned slow to favor the affirmation,
blank creases define a mind deathly fixed.

—

In the overcast, in our supine position
poised against the up-slanted earth,
we surrender gently to good graces

promised to us on breathing our first.
And every smokestack condemns us
to never know how truly blessed we were.

Somewhere, up there, in skies' brackets,
an ancestor's one promise is suspended,
traveling with us, to grace us out kindly.

—

I

What does it take
for a heart to be quiet,
a mind to be set at ease?

Must I lie myself down to pass away?
Or must I carry myself to where
a final few words ease?

Lurch forward. Inscribe your name
in the guestbook of my caved-in soul;

take a seat before the center.
This, my purpose, is on display
for the tenth or ten thousandth time

and still this one
will not be enough.

Evening rain finds me when I need it;
when overgrown walls of green
hint at new sensations at dusk.

My page abandoned, I go
to set my head into a pillow.

A spell, a spell . . .

arrow-pen drawn upon a bow of spite.
A field stood on . . . a mountaintop
aimed at with determination;

few adjustments but breath and blink,
few thoughts but release.

Then winds of old doubt whisper through,
my heart finds new pain,
mind stretches to touch new unease.

I let the shiver run its course
through me, let slip my pronouncement.
A transparent circle encloses hands

over where my aim gave landing.
I walk to it, find a stone marker engraved

with the peaceful sentence in mind
wrought, refined from immense discomfort.

It states all I had hoped for
in wording unlike any I'd contrive.
Tears, whimpers. These define the intake.

My departure is a painful protraction.

Spell slowly unwinds . . .

Arising, the light now forgiving,
my page, the same, awaits . . .

blank partitions beside verses
contained in brackets bold.

Nothing explicit from dreams,
but revealing influences unspoken.
A close more certain than punctuation,

I wander. And in wandering can know.

II

These pages, on study, are marred
by the bias my self-hate cements.

I pen my blood for lowly need,
not the supposedly "noble" want
of artistic "greatness."

I embark with fever to be relieved
from the empty halls of myself.
To jot, fold and submit my bones.

Hiding in the dark, igniting
a match or two or ten is all I want —
just to sit and do to say I did

without pushing for notice
or tangling from stress.

Could it be sufficient? To throw dice,
disguise random outcome as intent?
Can blatant admissions absolve?

Or can artworks themselves be voices
that none other had conversed with?

One die is my sunrise . . . my omen
that I will take a breath, set feet
to Earth with a mind for what is,

shall be or never or possibly be,
continue with nothing binding.

The other: my pendulum
maintains the same stagnant chaos
the exterior of fools imposes.

Both of these shall come together,
influence chaos not stagnated,
nurture creative, vital chaos evermore.

My not expecting, my not demanding —
my whole surrender to the tides and ebbs —

is what clasps my continuation.
So is that non-punctuation my peace?

III

Assume this: the spiral's beauty,
daring in descending circles,
turning and diving

before death entire or death partial
comes to usher in the new eulogies.
Assume this persistent inevitability:

be we left in the old folks' home
or executed by substance, sorrow
or the poisonous fruits of politics,

we are attuned to our demises.
And that sober knowing is made
the fuse of many organic explosions.

IV

In the bed of the crater, lying face-down
where smithereens are bedfellows,

I can look up from my bruised rest
and see the building cloud.

Calm articles put in motion by wind;
silent assurances left to be for whomever.

Is this the quiet heart?
Is this the mind set at ease?

The soft thumbing of melodic chords
with rising cymbals and toms . . .

aftermath on aftermath of Hell . . .
drain the fluid out of the entirety.
It is finished here where it began.

But to run to a boat and sail to where
it all truly, and I mean truly, started
is to ignore the immediate extension:

one has to wrestle with her own demon
encompassing a region, a mindset
to expel the oxygen lent to malice.

Somewhere, still today, a prayer is wasted

on a delirious slaver-god
never cutting a break to a poor person
breaking themselves up to prove their "race."

But still, they join hands in "grace"
to besmirch artificial sections
of "god's" children;

they will flay the heart of their souls
to say they alone were divinely entitled.

Do I henceforth assume a "We,"
a "We" separate from this ilk?
Or do I understand all "We's"

as being likewise capable
of making "others" within?
Now extend a hand to the person,

the individual heart. What peace
is distilled in the flame of rancor?

What ease is confirmed in you
from drilling unease in another?

Were all to awake and greet
the craters left in them —

the craters inherent in disdain —
the ash on judgmental tongues —

none would pine for being chained
to the bedpost of regression.

That heart . . . that myriad
compose the dirty elegance
we have always held close.

It is ours to heighten eternally,
to find one peaceful glimmer in.

—

Frightened by the object
in the empty room,
        frightened by outlines
        of trace notions
compounded by open space,
quick-fixed eyes create

the sights they want not.

Not wanting — although seeing
too clear, too bright to deny —

the disassembly, the part-for-part
play of connection and distance

reflects the bolstered want
that wanted not at all.

Still — an arm
thrown over the weary face —

as rest or death will display.
Nowhere near here now,

the body bookmarks its host
for the enduring hours again.

—

Of loyal against free —
of cascading banks of rising,
descending refuge —
I discard it all.

I lunge instead for the broken bricks
that made the so-called "Real World,"
screamed of at me by so-called "Masters,"
when a childlike freeness dared to taste

from the roses' perfumes of being — blissfully.
I feel now with a woman's hand the brick
that men, conscripted by Protestantism,
conscripted as "men," laid. What for?

And this, all they did, was for naught:
because life is still what it is: a whirl
through the parallels of the void
that no wall, no legislation can erase.

—

The elder scent of lost homes
confers the hybrid love despair

that discarded forward notes,
hopesick portraits bestow

on the disillusioned
as existential inheritance.

Standing still in what were
the environs of joy

now fuming out a present scent
banishes nostalgia with prejudice,

the baseboards, the ceiling confirmed
as frames, containers for present air.

—

Hour in my fist,
strangled minutes
under clenched fingers,

be not the fury
innate in breath,
too close to the desperate heart.

I seize, inside this second,
the slow taking my hand
that only nicotine

and cannabis had done.
I turn against the decay,
I fix tendons on sweetness.

Moon-kissed eyes watch
with a heart of nil;
I overcome the moment

by the will to wipe clean.

—

Valleys rear like earthen scabs
bleeding inhabitants
by ringing bells,
        woeful admissions
in subconscious chambers.

Here are your churches,
here are your quaint markets.
All toys and baubles
        for white sensation
in bounds of dissonance,

in disposals of sense
in favor of holy playthings

and rigged rules against me.

—

It's there. Just look.
When “god” rolls up his sleeves

and sets his hands to weave a cancer
just to teach a child some horrible lesson
about the pettiness of things —

when pressures engage the release
but releases only an atom’s worth.

It’s there, as you peer
through cracked glass and know

the falseness of borders in all
their occupational non-places;

fractures in the lens given to you,
imagining standing there

but standing here, thinly figuring

what the nightly news yaps about
with such “natural” frustration . . . .

and mine’s buried. One can’t
be proud of that hate.

All I go into is the frostbite
singeing a heart valve shut
when everything turns away,

leaves. And leaving myself,
I bury in books, screens

to recant windows, mirrors —
intact lenses of bullshit.

—

Unseen lady, I am at
your unknown mercy.

Touch my self-made scars,
touch with silky fingertips

my first true image.
How low I had leaped,

my spirit reaches upward
not for death but for life . . .

for the smile on your face.

Touch my self-made scars,
assure that I am whole.

Assure that I am included
in the mercy I cannot know.

Return my breath
from where I lost it last.

—

Neither travel nor station
is agreeable to my soul.

I only live to open books,
to exit through doorways.

I stand as if I am charting
the wise, intuitive steps

that let me stand again
at new places, new scenes.

—

O sky, I stand beneath you
waiting on your absorption.

The rain has washed upon
these thin, supple grasses

when wanderers self-exiled
everywhere resembling “Home.”

I fell into that fold,
sojourning, composing;

waiting on a moment

when the long, outward winds
confirm their surges

as belated extensions
of all things drawing from them.

Wait on those elements
before giving me hell . . .

all I ask: that I never feel
so strongly, so painfully again.

Let me know calm absorption
through the eye of would-be storms.

I know them to be stepping stones.

—

Sad to think of disturbing them. The birds
who peck through dirt and seed,
carry on full of breath,

thankful and cheery all the same
are the truer versions of me.

I cherish them as vessels of air and song,
while mine heaves, ragged draws
startle one, then ten,

then all. Goodbye.

A cough, a sniff. Turn —

dismissal of the happenstance
that teases its perfections at me.

—

I

Catharsis, boiled & skinned,
awaits the drooling maw
agape on melancholy's face.

II

Easy instance of morning:
gentle orange-yellow light;
sages' giggles in the breeze.

III

Age-old jewelry box. Garnets,
opals smile their loud colors.
Surface of listening eyes.

IV

Evidence submerged —
forthright, discernible —
drowned in cloudy waters.

V

The carrying on in grace:
near shards of memory
compose footsteps outward.

VI

Elements are now obvious:
distance proves a pain.
Evidence soon emerges.

VII

What now? Modicum of light
from old ruined colonnades.
Distance closes in pursuing.

VIII

These pillars, not enclosing,
show what is not duped, awry.
The light proved in common.

IX

I cast down my step
to employ this tomorrow.
I know I am here with you.

X

In knowing what I do,
the contents of my say
speak to cement your all.

—

I

Affections counterfeit, these feelings —
merely auxiliary, decomposed —
are not the reasons I awake.

They are not the guiding lights
of my damp, scribbled ink.

They are the guardrails
of not becoming The Void,

knowing damned well that I should.
I concede to something else:

the meeting place of myself,
the singular aperture in me
from where all relevant Will arises.

Such headaches of cosmic strain —

the lands behind me prescribe
the same worn sonnet of ages;

the lands before me endure
forward hopes of deliverance.

What blazes in me is not kindled
in any section of souls "alike."

I find myself alone in droves
and a drove myself alone,

so between I know my own realm
where effigies erected of kings

engulf with bright yellow flames
while bands of wanderers watch,

hold close their fragment of entirety.

II

Undaunted eyes confess:
the heart springs its blood
with steady living bones
grounding self to soil.

Dazed purpose awakes the body
from dreams of perfumed clarity.

All joined make a person
(or a living phenomenon)

crowned with a dizzied mind
running at relief through chaos.

In symphonies of action,
one weaves the winds of that self —

the self itself a chaos —

in constellations of affinities,
one shuffles in with the analogous
only to prove oneself as exception.

So what am I? Not different, not
the same; not divided, not unified.

One river of streams coursing
in departing surges
colors my intent —

I want to rejoice
at the resting place of woe,
never paying mind to the grueling

other side of the demeanor
coming to life, smiling.

III

In the fields and gardens of ourselves,
when morning breaks, when seeds
await their place to become,

we are made stunned by what speaks
in the dug-out planters not bearing.

What moves when the procession alone
goes on in defeated strides and tones
for the emotions of who will not sow?

(Why must I starve in the stagnant woe
when those inhaling mine eat so well?)

What rebellion was forfeit on success
that was made a fallen image,
serves as beacon for all pursuing?

(Why must I not ascend with a torch,
illuminate the proof of their deeds?)

Now, I am only walking the fields —
I dare not grace the leaves.
The pests have their place too,

what they affect is to stabilize
against the cruel winds to come;

insanity embodied — cheering itself.
Wordless sieg heil's . . . just for now.

“Now” should never leave me.
At the cliff I'm nearly gunned down at —

body quivers, falls just as the spirit
dares her beautiful leap.

IV

It all might as well just be a folly . . .
in confirming this, we know the root
that so many clung to, sprung from.

All the bastard born are better still
than all the virgins of grime
who had never summoned nerve —

buckling at one whiff of convention.
I see us bastards climbing higher
upon fumes of green and blue,

higher than any well-fed poet's claim
of better inebriation in virtue.
Folly and her interplay . . . we sway

under the shadow of new evenings,
never lacking footing but always closing
in backward steps onto nowhere.

And soon, one steps back, watches
this layered swirl of higher folly
dipping through gilded nonsense

V

I overcome the sorry world. I decide
that nothing it decides — decides on me.

I neither smite nor forgive. I abandon.
I cast my flame, inhale my green herbs;

I scheme in silent cells; I endeavor
on the promise I confirmed in myself.

I was free when I decided I was free.
You will be free when the last breeze

of being in any conception of bondage —
of being bound to any caste, performance —

is swept away by the new surge,
the new omnipresent fruit

arising from desperate seeds of renewal
that waver for nothing under the sun.

—

I configure a sort of Yellow Pages
for those dropping through
the new global feudalism.

I join a long chain of dismay
to a stream of observation.

I jot it down, type it all up
when the sun is gone.

This is not a catalog
nor a compendium,

but a secession of worlds.

—

Moments of plausible construction
kept alone in my mind's caverns.

I utilize, expand upon what I'd configured:

I devise not a society but a gathering
of gatherings. Not markets, not factories

but rich homes, ample commons.
Places of healing, places of praise.

We heed not the angry wail of dictate
but call the soundness of ourselves;

we endeavor not upon cruel force
but commit to life's sound resolve.

Thumbing through pulp, one reads
addresses of resources, open arms

that impose no contract, only enrich
all like faculties steering good nature.

—

Settled, as we had been for lifetimes,
in the way the lyricist ponders a word,
the figure of remarking comes into play.

Were it enough to reduce to a thought,
the song would not need to be:
the tune would not rise,

the word would not reach.

My word, my love, my rage . . .
what speaks from "I" without "me?"

Dire moments, emotional consumption —

even in mourning our closest,
we bleed on the marble
just to prove our hearts,

then search for the reason to grin,
go to sleep, try once more.

—

Here comes "I'll see you out"
seeing me out. Here comes

the child version of me
running up on me with a knife.

Here comes the mayor of Anarchism
handing me texts that argue

against my anarchy.
Here comes the lot of shit

bundled up in the object of worry.

I should tell you the truth now
beside the calm lake before us:

when I first set my hands to say
whatever in me throbbed with light,

I knew it would always be done
with a candor unique to me,

a humble technique designing.

And now I see no life done without that;
now I know no motion made without it.

Difficulty, disdain, morose mundane —
we know the needlework of our spirits

better than the harsh basket of terrors
sown in deluded earnest.

Designate a hypothetical door,
let the winds slam it shut on this all.

Here I go leaving myself
to those whirlwinds making my spirit,

alone in the permanence that is me,
the promise within which I sustain.

—

Lifegiver, I put out a word of thanks.

The deer communing at the creek

came to save my life from my own hand . . .

I have never been so grateful.

End Note March 2025

This is my hiatus work. I do not know when I will return to publishing, but I know I will.

Do me a favor. Be as well as you can. Against every odd, threat or wall.

You are perfect, powerful and potent. Be all you are in full, defiantly.

WULFINNA is an anarchist poetry/prose author situating her work on green anti-politics, individualist critique, gender egoism, nihilist ataraxia and revivalist barbarism. She is her own publisher (through *Ignited In Dark*) using the Creative Commons license for her poetry and releasing most prose in the public domain

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